



ATTACK

NO. 28

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OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK

THE
PANZERS
ARE
COMING!

00770

PERLIN +
NICHOLAS



72246 00770

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY, BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES....

FALANGA AND HIS MEN...
ALL DEAD...AND ALL OUR
SUPPLIES GONE! THE KRAUTS
WERE WAITING FOR THEM...
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
THE GERMANS COULD'VE KNOWN
ABOUT THIS AIR-DROP...! THERE'S
AN **INFORMER** AMONG US!

BUT WHO...?

IT COULD BE ANY ONE
OF US...!



STORY: WILLI FRANZ.... LETTERING: C. JETTER.... ART: S.J. GLANZMAN

THE INFORMER

WHEN WE DO FIND OUT
WHO IT IS, I WILL TAKE
CARE OF THE
TREACHEROUS
DOG...WITH THIS...!

OH, DON'T
BE SO
BLASTED
EAGER,
CABRERA.



AS YOU SAY,
MAJOR...

IT WOULD BE SO CONVENIENT
IF THE INFORMER WAS
CABRERA! I WOULD LOVE TO
TAKE CARE OF THAT MISERABLE
SPANIARD MYSELF!

AND NOW,
YOU SOUND
JUST LIKE
HIM, YOUR-
SELF, LUPO...!



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CAPTAIN WILLIAM SCHULTZ, UNITED STATES ARMY...FALSELY ACCUSED OF A BATTLEFIELD MURDER...TRIED, CONVICTED, ESCAPED...! IN ORDER TO GAIN A PARDON FOR A CRIME YOU DID NOT COMMIT, YOU HAD AGREED TO WORK WITH A GROUP OF ITALIAN PARTISANS UNDER THE COMMAND OF AMERICAN MAJOR JON DAURIO, OSS...





MY WIFE...SHE'S DIED...
GIVING BIRTH TO A
BABY GIRL...

I'M SORRY,
JON...



...A LETTER I WAS WRITING HER...
HMPH, LETTERS... WE HAD SO LITTLE
TIME TOGETHER, BILL... BUT SHE WAS
ALL I LIVED FOR...EVERYTHING!
AND NOW SHE'S GONE...!



BUT YOU STILL HAVE
THE DAUGHTER SHE
LEFT YOU, JON...

YES, I KNOW...



...BUT WITH ALL THE LOUSY,
ROTTEN, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
PEOPLE WALKING THE FACE
OF THE EARTH...WHY DOES
GOD DECIDE TO TAKE MY WIFE
AWAY FROM ME...!?

I CAN'T
ANSWER
THAT,
JON...



IT KINDA MAKES YOU LOSE FAITH IN
EVERYTHING GOOD...EVERYTHING
DECENT...EVERYTHING...YES, SHE
WAS EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL...



YOUR WIFE LOVED YOU, JON, AND SHE
LOVED THE CHILD...SO DON'T LET THE
LOVE THAT SHE DIED FOR TURN
BITTER NOW...

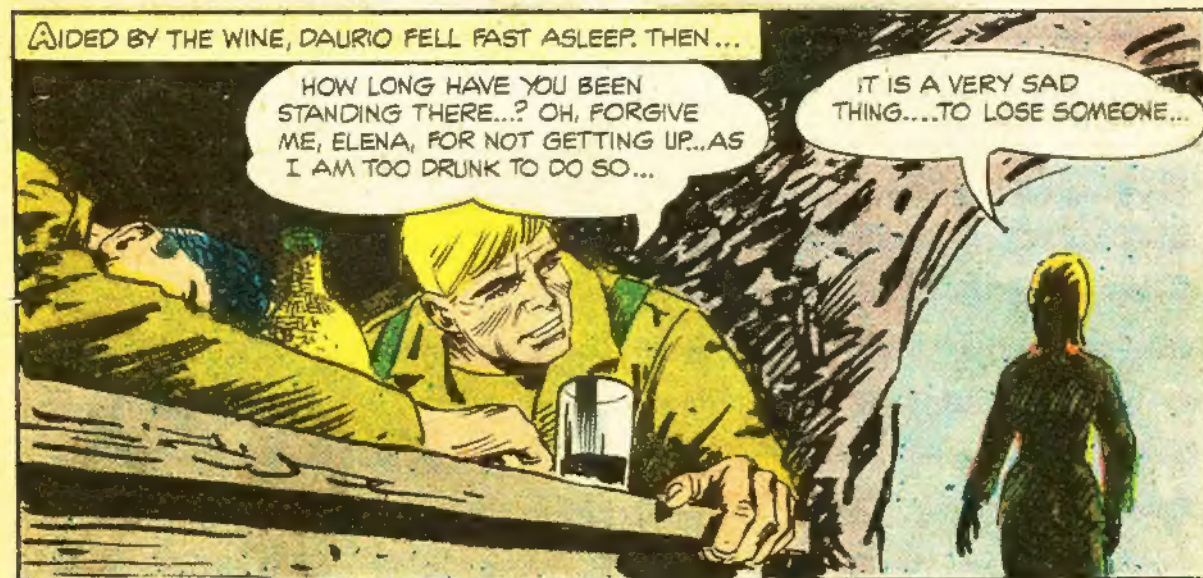
AFTER TWO AND A HALF YEARS OF COMBAT, SGT. ART FINSHAW WAS SICK AND TIRED OF HIS JOB... HE ENVIED THE G.I.'S IN THEIR TENTS AND FOXHOLES....FOR HIM, IT HAD BEEN A LONELY WAR....HIS WIRE-TAUGHT NERVES WERE READY TO SNAP....FOR HE HAD FAUGHT ALONE.....JUST AS HE WAS DOING NOW IN JANUARY, 1945, DEEP IN GERMANY.....WHERE HE WATCHED OBERSTGAULETIER WOLFGANG REICHLER THROUGH THE SCOPE ON HIS RIFLE....

ACCORDING TO THE PAPER ON YOU, REICHLER, YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED THOUSANDS...

....NOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED FOR IT!









NO....IT IS A FACT...A HORRIBLE AND TERRIBLE TRUTH...

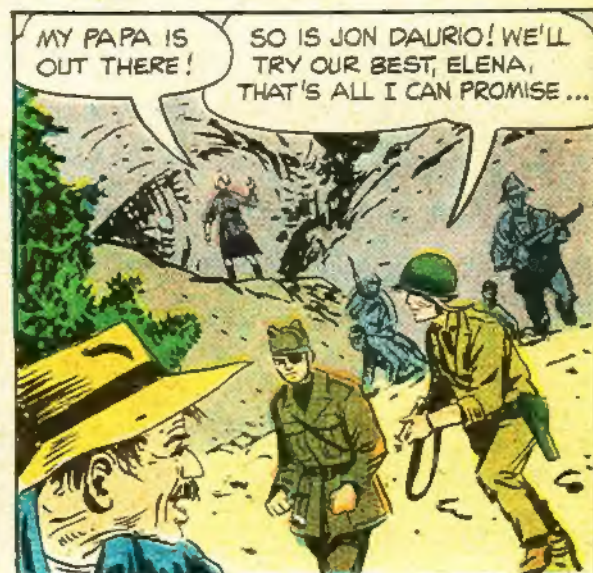


...SO, TO **DEATH**...AND THEN **LIFE**...FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH THESE DAYS....!



THE NEXT MORNING, JON DAURIO LEFT QUIETLY WITH A FEW OTHERS ON A ROUTINE PATROL! BUT SOON!...

THE GERMANS HAVE AMBUSHED MAJOR DAURIO AND THE OTHERS! WE MUST HURRY IF WE EXPECT TO SAVE THEM!



MY PAPA IS OUT THERE!

SO IS JON DAURIO! WE'LL TRY OUR BEST, ELENA, THAT'S ALL I CAN PROMISE ...



SHORTLY...

EVERYTHING'S QUIET....

....BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL DEAD...BUT WHERE'S JON...?

THEN...

JON...!

WHAT A JERK! SERVES ME RIGHT...TURNIN' MY BACK ON THAT TREACHEROUS OLD BUZZARD...!



HEY, BILL....OH, DO I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU....!(COUGH, COUGH) YOU KNOW WHO THE INFORMER IS....WHO JUST SHOT ME IN THE BACK....AND KILLED ME....!?



....IT'S THE OLD MAN....ELENA'S FATHER! HE KNEW ALL OUR PLANS AND ACTIVITIES AND WAS INFORMING ON US TO THE KRAUTS! OH, WOW, SEE WHAT I MEAN....! (COUGH, COUGH, CHOKES)...

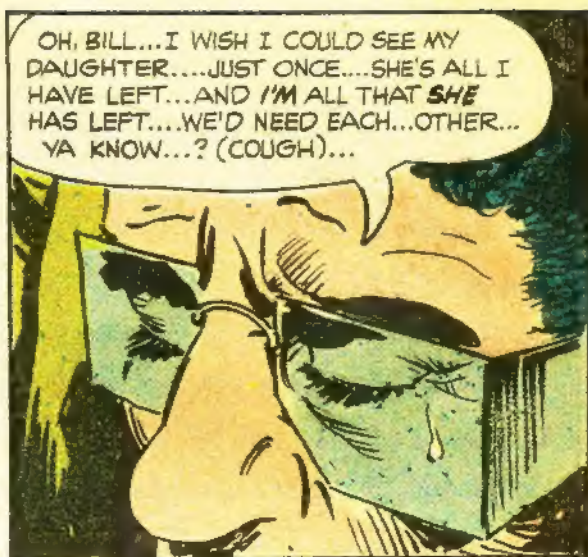


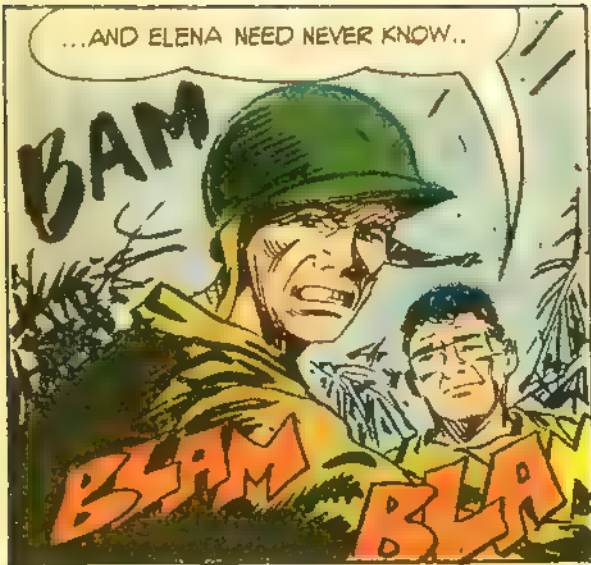
WE WILL HUNT DOWN AND DEAL WITH THE OLD MAN, CAPITANO...AND ELENA NEED NEVER KNOW OF HER FATHER'S TREACHERY....



I MAY HAVE BEEN DRUNK THE OTHER NIGHT... BUT I MEANT EVERY WORD I SAID....EVEN THE PART ABOUT TELLIN' THE GENERALS TO JUMP IN THE LAKE....YOUR PARDON....AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THIS REALLY WILL BE MY LAST MISSION, HUH....?







...AND ELENA NEED NEVER KNOW..

BAM

BLA



NOW TELL ME THE TRUTH, BILL... (COUGH, COUGH)... YOU REALLY DID KILL THAT GUY, DIDN'T YOU...?

NO, JON...

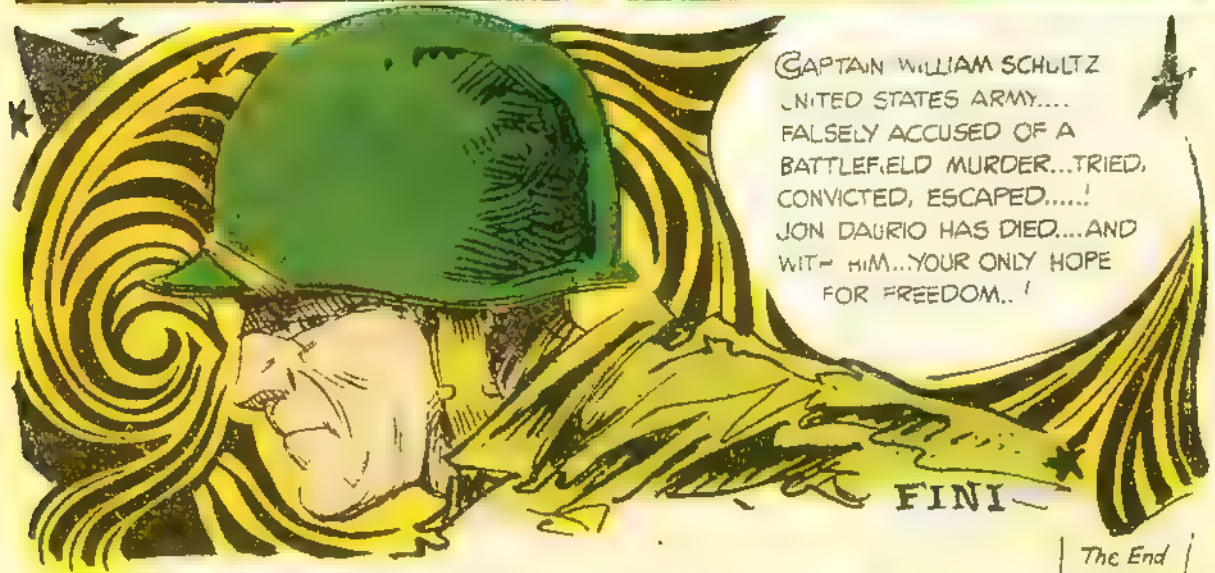


FUNNY... (COUGH, CHOKE)... BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU... HA, HA... OH, WOW



NOW... YOU LL INHERIT COMMAND OF THIS MESS... FROM ME... I'M SORRY... ABOUT YOUR... PARDON... OH, WOW... EVERY... THING... OHHH ..

JON .. ?



CAPTAIN WILLIAM SCHULTZ
UNITED STATES ARMY...
FALSELY ACCUSED OF A
BATTLEFIELD MURDER... TRIED,
CONVICTED, ESCAPED.....!
JON DAURIO HAS DIED... AND
WITH HIM... YOUR ONLY HOPE
FOR FREEDOM.. !

FINI-

[The End]

YOU'RE A GREAT TALKER, BILL, AND YOU'VE MISSED YOUR CALLING! INSTEAD OF BEING A SOLDIER, YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN A PRIEST...OR A POLITICIAN....HA, HA, HA...



YEAH, A PRIEST...MY MOTHER ALWAYS DID SAY THAT I LOOKED GOOD IN BLACK.



THEY **BURY** YOU IN **BLACK**, DON'T THEY...?



HEY, VINO! WHADDYASAY WE GET POTTED TOGETHER, EH, JON....?

WHY NOT...?

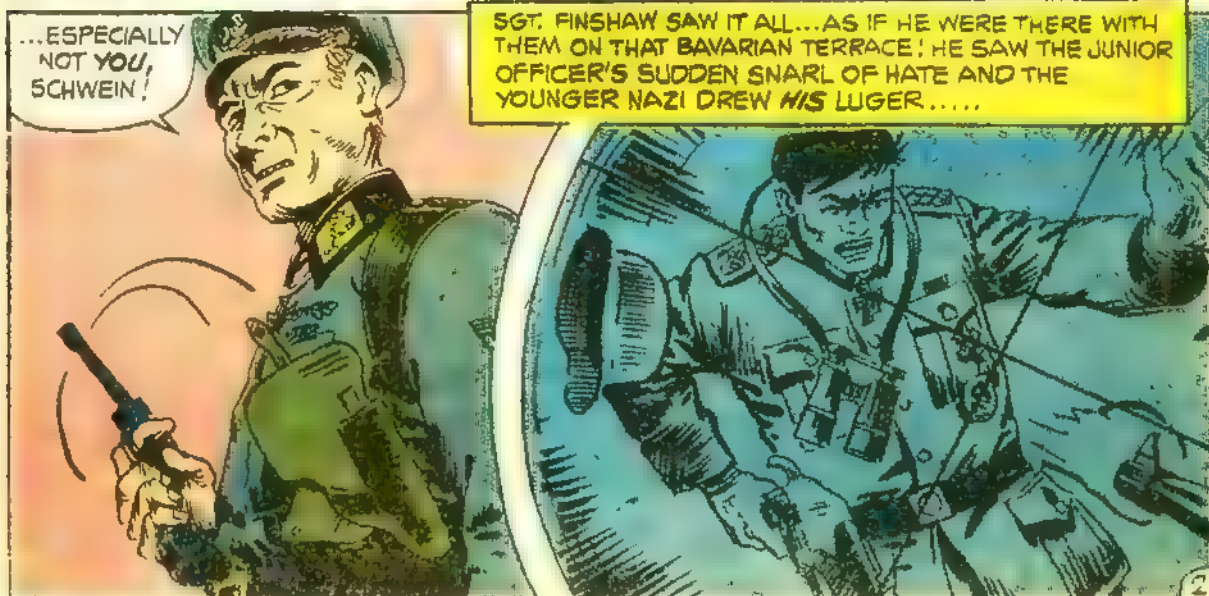


SOME TIME LATER....



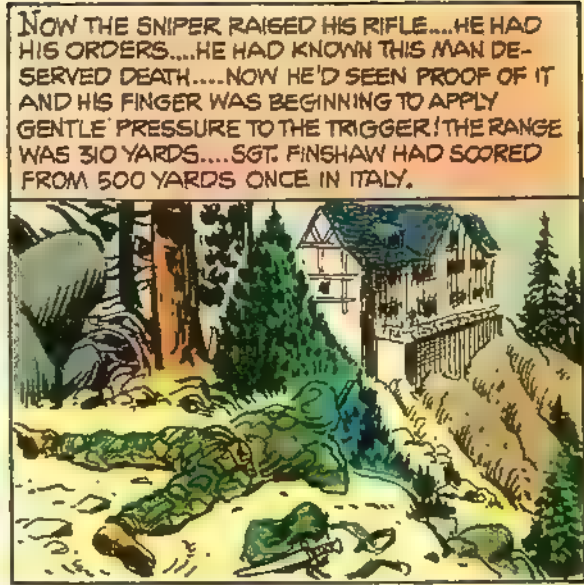
...WELL, AREN'T YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF...? YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING ME....QUITE SMASHED! SO, NOW I CAN TELL YOU THAT...THIS IS GONNA BE MY LAST MISSION.... I'M GONNA "PACK MY BAGS", LEAVE ITALY TO THE ITALIANS...AND ALL THEIR LOUSY INFORMERS...CAUSE I DON'T REALLY CARE ANYMORE, ANYWAY...TELL ALL THEM INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS AND GENERALS TO GO JUMP IN THE LAKE...AN' THEN I'M GOIN' HOME TO MY LITTLE BABY GIRL...

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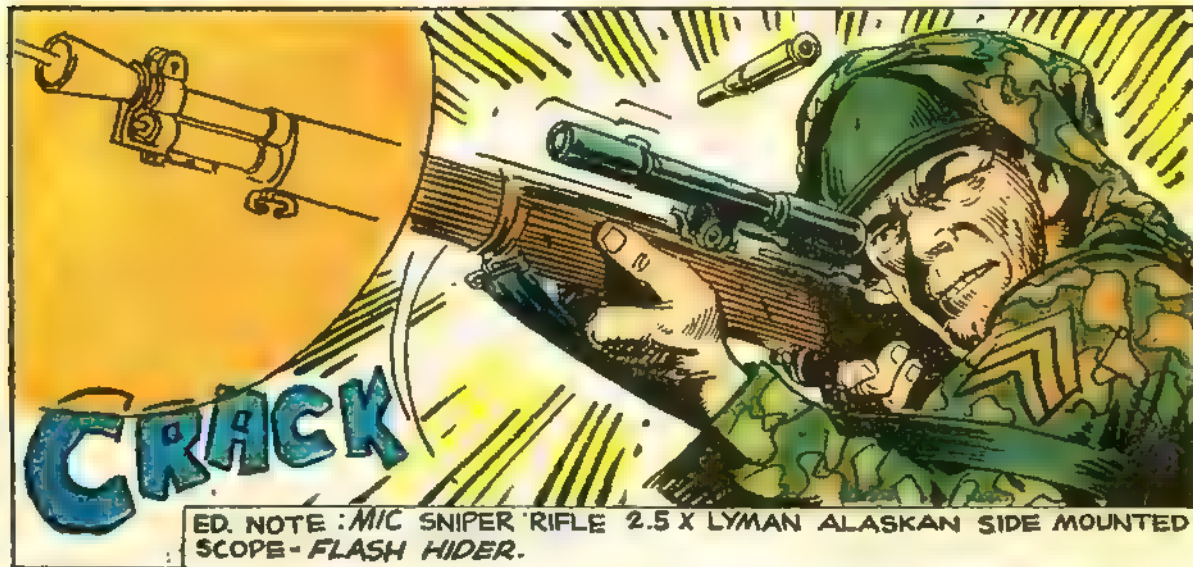




I FEEL BAD ENOUGH ABOUT KILLING EVEN THOUGH IT'S MY JOB....BUT REICHLER JUST COMMITTED **MURDER** AGAINST HIS OWN KIND!



NOW THE SNIPER RAIGED HIS RIFLE....HE HAD HIS ORDERS....HE HAD KNOWN THIS MAN DESERVED DEATH....NOW HE'D SEEN PROOF OF IT AND HIS FINGER WAS BEGINNING TO APPLY GENTLE PRESSURE TO THE TRIGGER! THE RANGE WAS 310 YARDS....SGT. FINSHAW HAD SCORED FROM 500 YARDS ONCE IN ITALY.



ED. NOTE :MIC SNIPER RIFLE 2.5 X LYMAN ALASKAN SIDE MOUNTED SCOPE- FLASH HIDER.

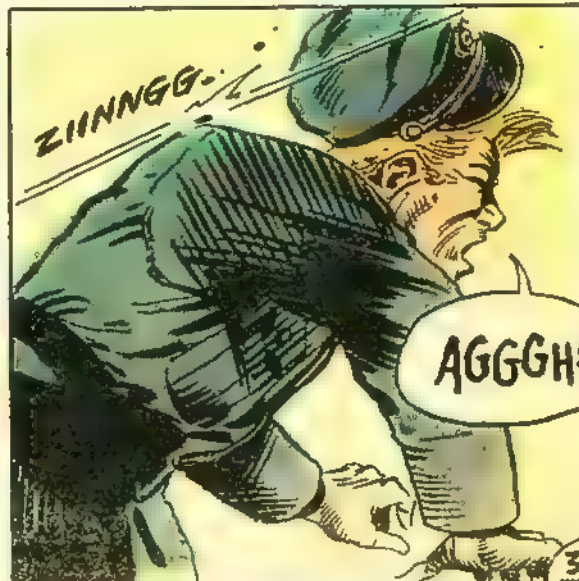


JUST AS THE RIFLE ROARED...THE BULLET LEAVING THE MUZZLE AT 3700 FPS*..... REICHLER TURNED....

RRRIINNGG

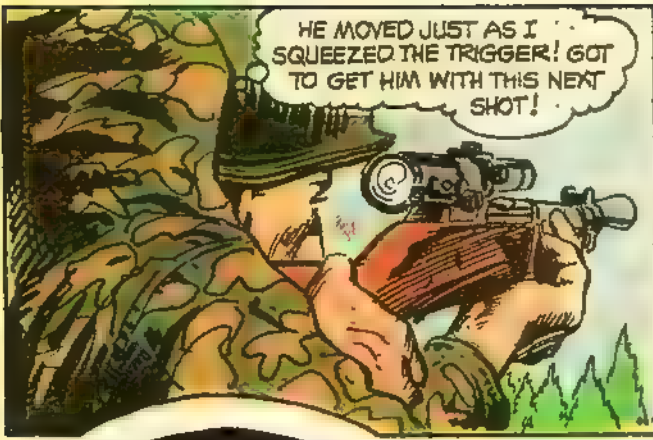
THAT WILL BE HANS....HE IS PROVIDING MY PAPERS!

* FEET PER SECOND.



ZIINNGG

AGGGH!



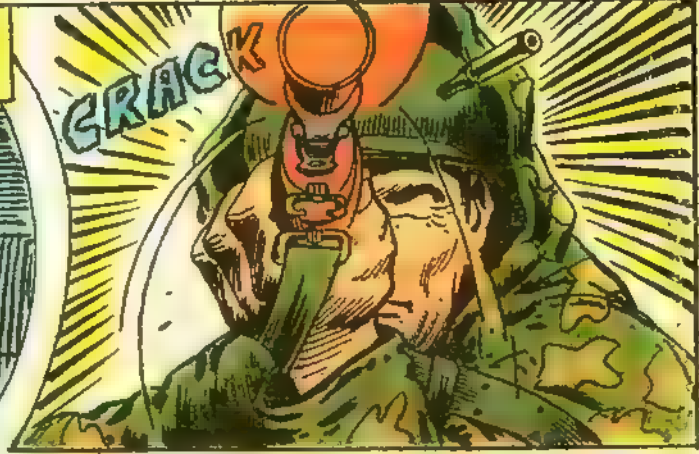
HE MOVED JUST AS I
SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER! GOT
TO GET HIM WITH THIS NEXT
SHOT!



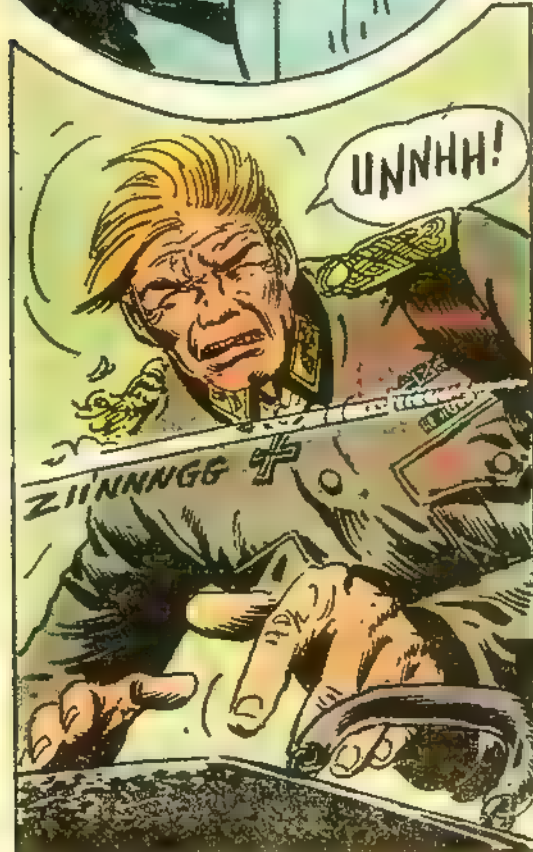
AAAGGHH! AMERICAN OR RUSSIAN
SNIPER....GOT TO GET AWAY....HE CAN'T
HIT ME WHILE I'M BEHIND THIS
RAILING....



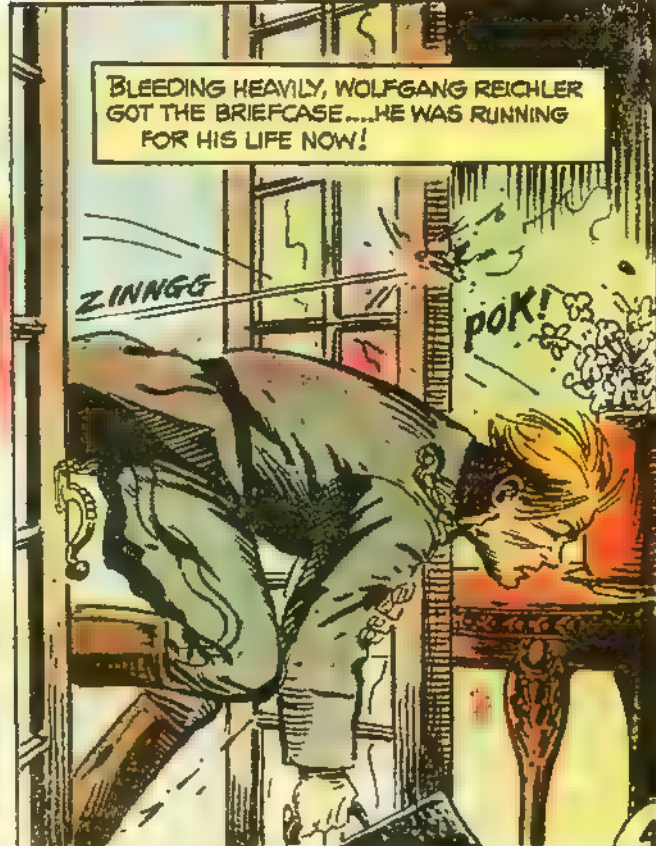
BUT SGT. FINGHAW'S TELESCOPE
SHOWED HIM MOVEMENT THROUGH
THE RAILING....



CRACK



UNNHH!



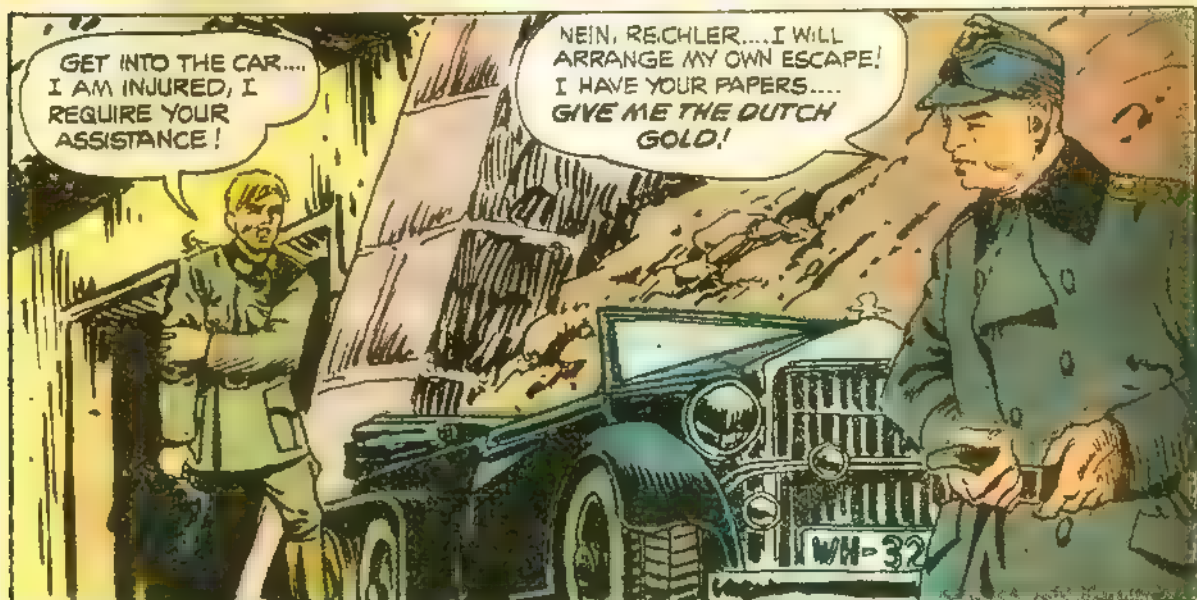
BLEEDING HEAVILY, WOLFGANG REICHLER
GOT THE BRIEFCASE....HE WAS RUNNING
FOR HIS LIFE NOW!

ZINNNG

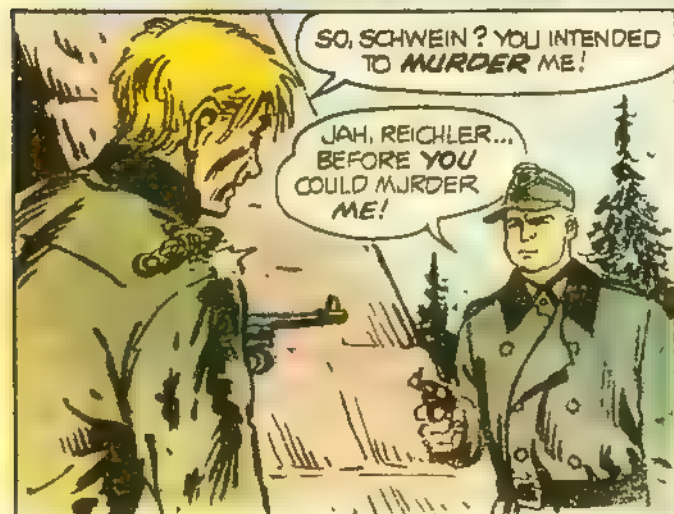
POK!

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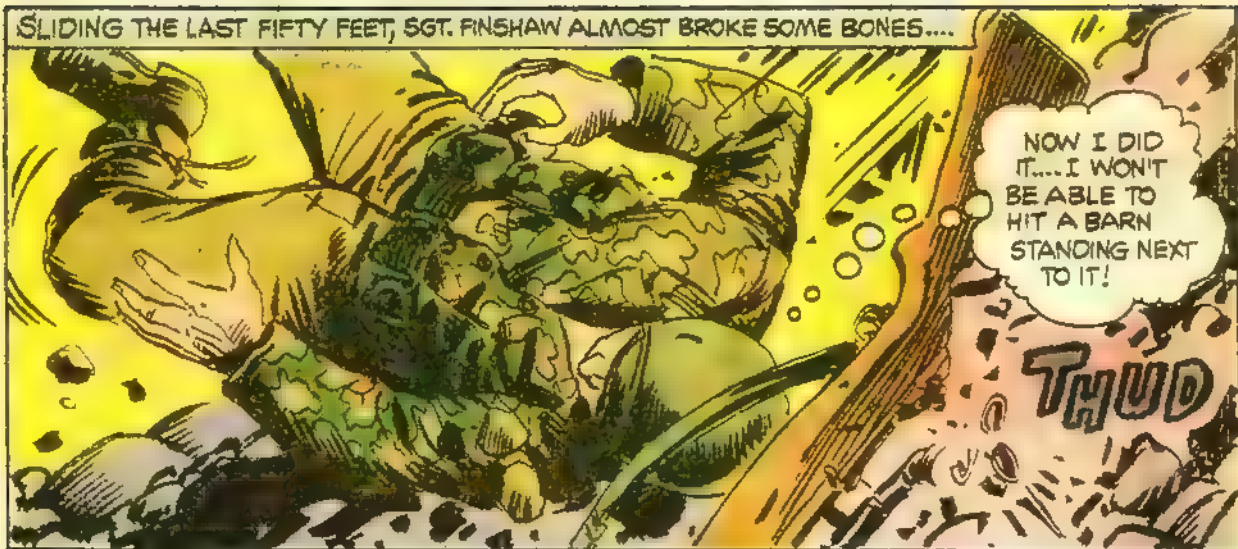
THE NAZI BUTCHER HAD GOTTEN AWAY...SGT. FINSHAW STOPPED FIRING AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR A MOMENT...



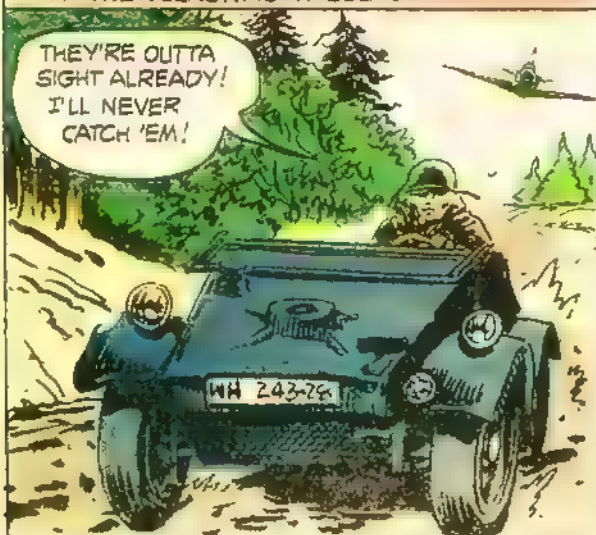
REICHLER, A MASTER OF TREACHERY, REACHED INTO HIS BRIEFCASE AS THOUGH TO PAY HIS ACCOMPLICE....AND HIS ACCOMPLICE HAD HIS OWN IDEAS....



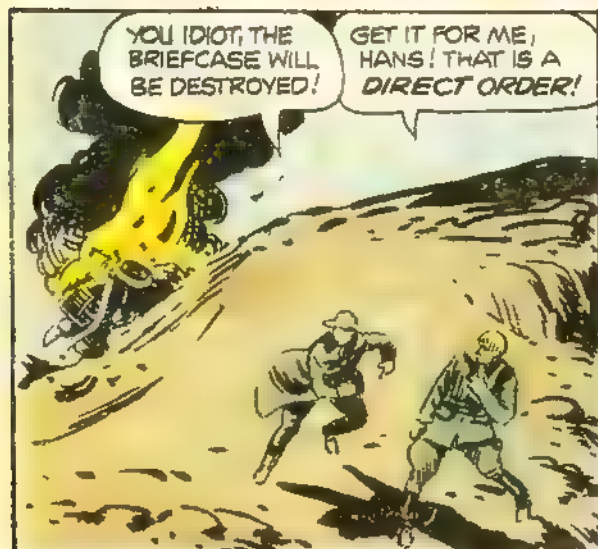
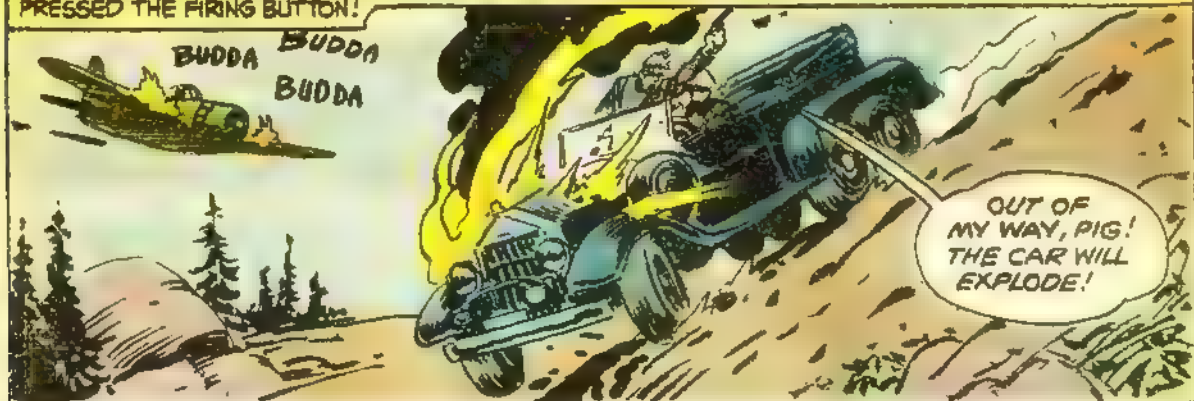
SLIDING THE LAST FIFTY FEET, SGT. FINSHAW ALMOST BROKE SOME BONES....



REICHLER WAS IN A POWERFUL CAR....ALL FINSHAW COULD FIND WAS A NAZI VERSION OF THE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE....



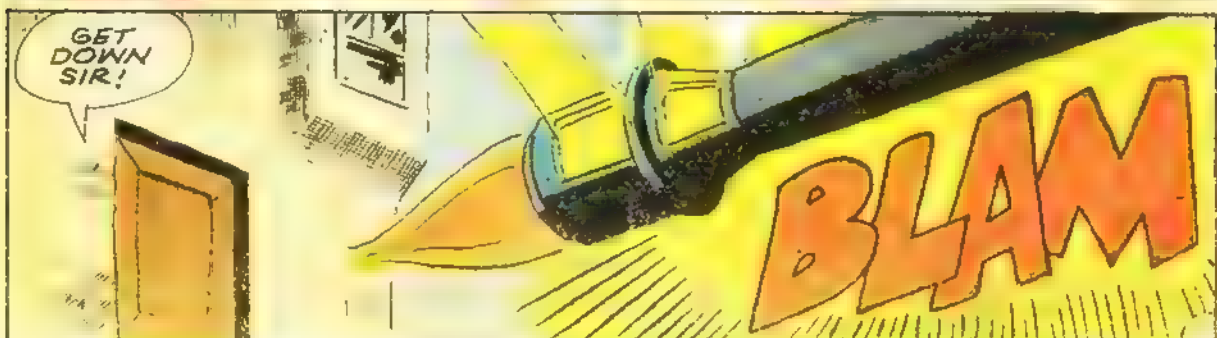
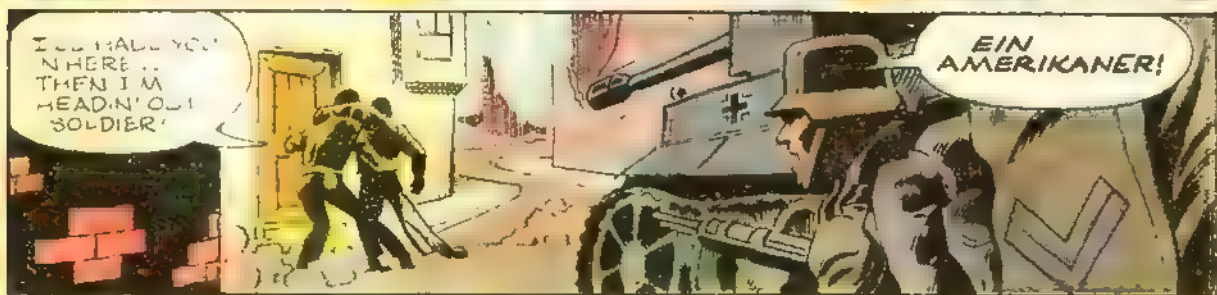
THE REPUBLIC THUNDERBOLT DROPPED LOWER AS THE GORGE WIDENED....AND THE AMERICAN PILOT
PRESSED THE FIRING BUTTON!



THE VERDICT AT THE NURNBERG TRIALS WAS SWIFT AND WOLFGANG REICHER PAID WITH HIS LIFE!



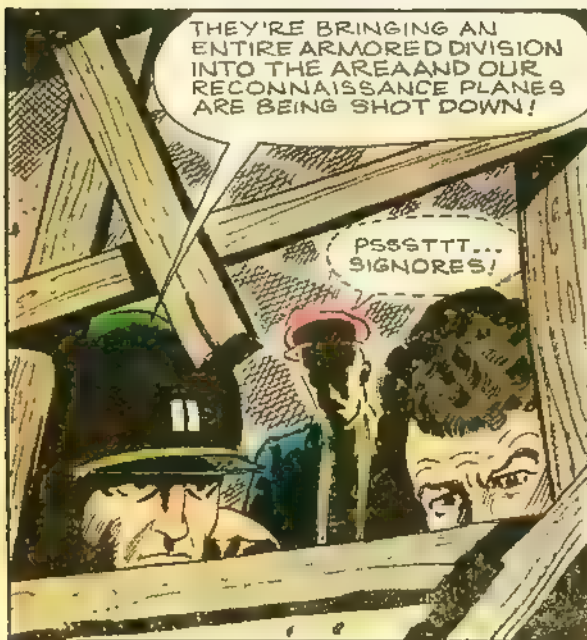
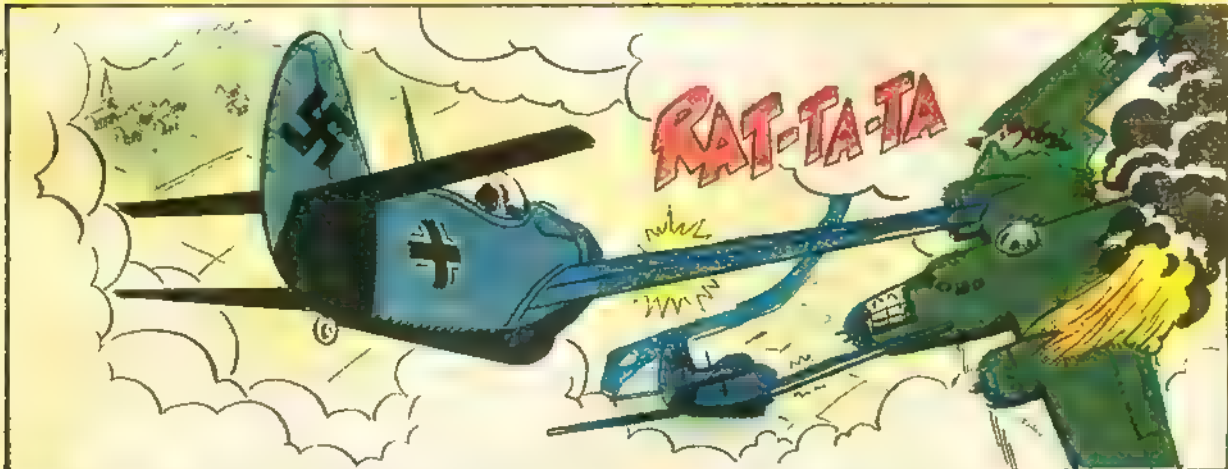
CAPTAIN WEXLER, C.O. OF ABLE COMPANY, WAS TRYING TO MOVE HIS MEN OUT OF BARRUTO IN CENTRAL ITALY.... THEY'D CAPTURED THE SMALL TOWN THE NIGHT BEFORE... NOW A NAZI ARMORED DIVISION WAS COUNTERATTACKING! CAPTAIN WEXLER WOULD'VE MADE IT... EVEN THOUGH THE SNARLING, CLANKING TANKS WERE SMASHING INTO THE NORTHERN EDGE OF TOWN.... IF GERMAN BULLETS HADN'T TORN INTO PFC JORDIE CLARK'S LEG....!







THE GERMAN AIR FORCE SENT EVERY AVAILABLE PLANE ALOFT...MESSERSCHMITT'S, FOCKE-WULF'S, HEINKEL'S THEY ATTACKED EVERY BRITISH AND AMERICAN PLANE





CAPTAIN WEXLER HAD BEEN A GOOD COMPANY COMMANDER. BUT HE HADN'T HAD TO CRAWL IN THE MUD MUCH RECENTLY! NOW HE HAD TO BELLY DOWN AND SLITHER ...







COME WITH ME, CAPITANO!



...AND I LEFT CLARK WITH THE BOY, LUIGI, AND A MAN WITH ONE LEG!

YOUR FRIEND IS SAFE THERE, CAPITANO, MIO! NOW WE MUST REMAIN IN HIDING!

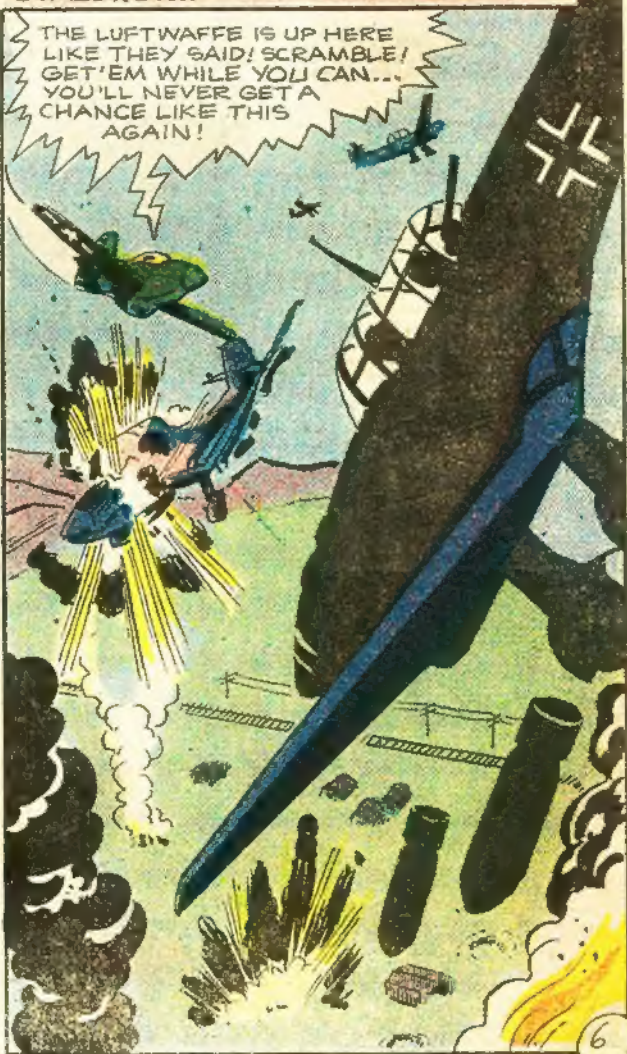
MEANWHILE, HUNDREDS OF HITLER'S ELITE ARMORED UNITS MOVED INTO THE BARRUTO SECTOR...

AT DAWN, THE LUFTWAFFE WILL COMMENCE A MASSIVE BOMBING OF THE ENEMY LINE... THEN THE ARTILLERY WILL START... AND AT THE HEIGHT OF OUR EFFORT, THE PANZER DIVISION WILL SMASH THROUGH!

JAH, HERR FIELD MARSHALL!



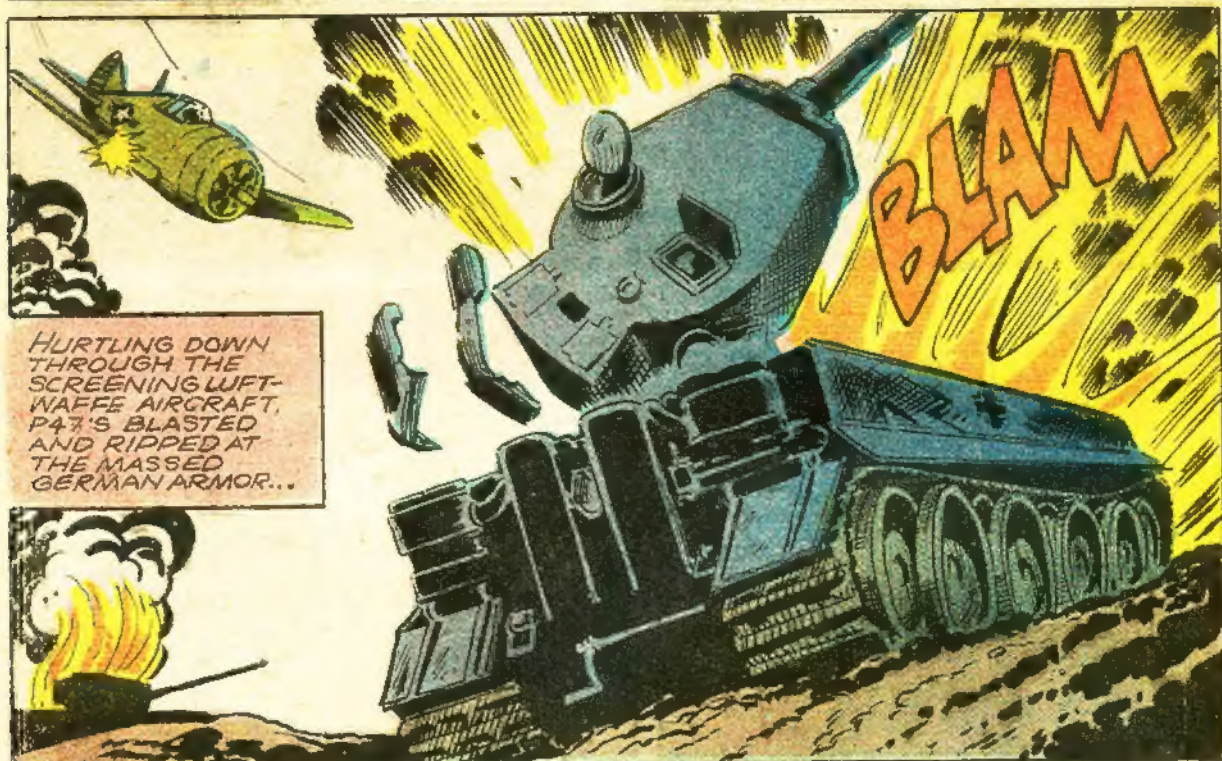
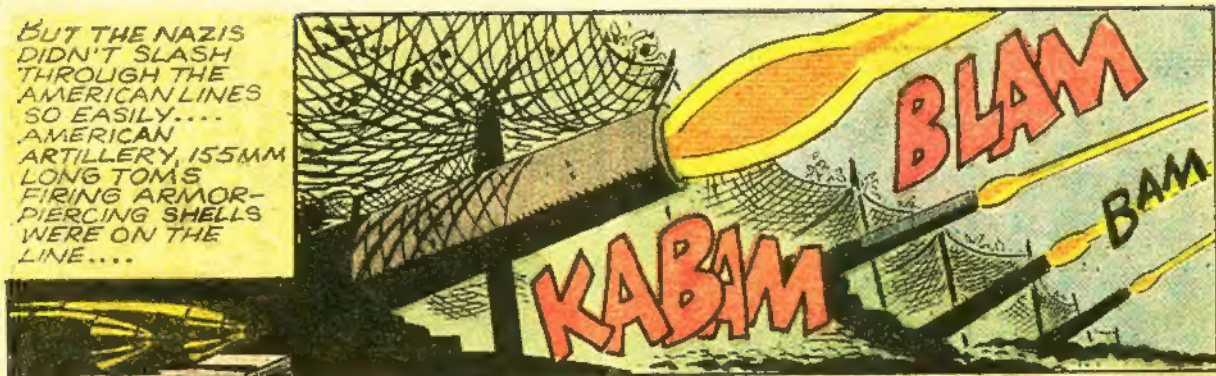
AT DAWN, THE ARTILLERY BEGAN... HUGE HOWITZERS HURLED THEIR SHELLS INTO THE AMERICAN LINES! OVERHEAD, THE LUFTWAFFE CAME WAVE AFTER WAVE OF BOMBERS...



THE LUFTWAFFE IS UP HERE LIKE THEY SAID! SCRAMBLE! GET 'EM WHILE YOU CAN... YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN!

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BUT THE NAZIS
DIDN'T SLASH
THROUGH THE
AMERICAN LINES
SO EASILY....
AMERICAN
ARTILLERY, 155MM
LONG TOMS
FIRING ARMOR-
PIERCING SHELLS
WERE ON THE
LINE....



HURTLING DOWN
THROUGH THE
SCREENING LUFT-
WAFFE AIRCRAFT,
P47'S BLASTED
AND RIPPED AT
THE MASSED
GERMAN ARMOR...



BUT, LATER... PFC CLARK EXPLAINED TO CAPT. WEXLER AND THE AMERICAN BATTALION COMMANDER HOW WORD WAS FLASHED...

LUIGI HAD THE RADIO!
I FIXED IT AND HE
HOOKED THE AN-
TENNA UP SO THAT I
COULD GET THE
MESSAGE OUT!

WELL DONE,
SOLDIER! CAPTAIN
WEXLER YOU AND
YOUR MAN WILL
BE REWARDED
FOR THIS!



**Digital
Comic
Preservation**

**Another
pointless
scan by
Kritter**

**You got a friggin' Problem
with me?!?
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

**If you like it,
then buy it!
Don't make me
come looking
for you!**

